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Trinity College

THE TRINITY REVIEW

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THE TRINITY REVIEW

VINUM DAEMONUM

THE TRINITY REVIEW

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ELECTIONS

At a recent meeting of the Board of *The Trinity Review* the following were elected to the offices designated:

Editor-in-Chief:

Richard K. Morris, '40

Associate Editor:

William J. Wolf, '40

Editorial Board:

Ernest N. Dickinson, '41
Charles B. Goodrich, '41
Albert Gorman, '41
John W. Harris, '41
Marshall Nead, '41
Theodore Ryder, '41
George R. Stubbs, '40

The Editor.

EDITORIAL

THE publication of this issue of *The Trinity Review* marks the completion of its initial and most important year—that of establishment and organization. Last fall the magazine was founded because the then potential board believed there was a conspicuous amount of valuable literary material among the students, which needed an outlet. The submission of one hundred and fifty-one manuscripts, representing the work of eighty-four students within the last year, more than substantiates our beliefs. The number of participants represent one-sixth of the college body, and is thrice the number of competitors in any other college activity. This means more than the establishment of *The Trinity Review* as one of the many college organizations; the great number of participants indicates that the magazine is an integral part of college life since it affords each student an opportunity to express his thoughts and feelings.

If all the material submitted were printed, a magazine twenty times the size of this would be necessary. However, the board has been very careful in trying to maintain a high literary standard, and has done its best to select that material considered most suitable. It is only by such maintenance of standards that improvement in the individual and thus in the magazine as a

whole can be encouraged. The Board hopes that all those who submitted manuscripts this past year will continue to do so in the future.

A page in this issue tells of the elections of the new editors and members of the Board for the coming year. Their elections have been made with the utmost care as it is only by careful selection that we can avoid lack of direction and disunity—both of which have brought about the termination of many Trinity literary magazines in the past. We hope all those who were not elected this spring will re-enter the competition next fall.

LADY SOLOMON

Ernest N. Dickinson, '41

OF late years during the months of May and June I find it hard to concentrate on my work. In the evening a chorus of "peep" frogs will bring with it a twinge of melancholy; in the morning a cool breeze, rippling papers on my desk, becomes a torment. And every spring there returns the urge to take down the rod and reel and go fishing again. Although eight years have elapsed since I gave up angling, even now when the season comes round several of the boys from the country club drop over.

"David," one of them will say, "I've just discovered a new brook near Bennets Mill. The fish swim upside down with their mouths open itching to be caught. Come on, old man, you've got to get a license this year."

My heart skips a beat. I feel the cool, damp boots cling to my legs once again. I watch the end of the rod as it dips gracefully and cuts the air into thin slices. And then—then I realize that I shall never experience those sensations again. A strange, poignant remembrance welling up inside me has crowded out the possibility and the desire.

No doubt the fellows at the club often laugh at me. They believe that my wife disapproves of fishing and

doesn't allow me to go. But the explanation goes back to a time before our marriage, to an incident that occurred eight years ago.

For over a month I had intended to fish Mitchell's Creek. Henry Arden, who owned the property, urged me to try it. So at a quarter past five on a Sunday morning late in June, I stowed my tackle into the car. On the eastern border of the sky a thin, gray strip revealed that dawn was not far off. I wanted to begin fishing before daybreak, but locating the western end of the stream required considerable time. By half past six when the car at last drove up to the lower tip of Arden's estate the sun shone brightly above the horizon. My friend's land held a forest, unscarred by billboards and roads, which had about it an impressive beauty. However, I felt disappointed with the brook itself. It ran too sluggishly to be picturesque.

From my tackle box I picked out a dry Coachman that in a minute shot upstream toward the other bank and drifted down on the current. I walked along the right bank for half an hour, casting with almost painful care; but my efforts were fruitless. Then the stream took a sharp lunge to cascade over a tiny ledge and form a pool. The moment my eyes fell on this spot I knew that if there were a trout in the whole length of the brook he would be waiting there. An angler of experience can sense instinctively where trout are apt to lie, and this to me was an ideal place. Deep, clear, surrounded by dense overhanging brush, the pool appeared about five yards in diameter. At the opposite bank a rock sloped down to the water. I watched a skating-bug glide over the surface, and then I maneuvered myself into the position to cast. The Coachman skimmed above the water, landing lightly in the middle of the pool. It lay motionless for several minutes, and when I tugged my line, the fly, twitching perfectly,

disturbed a reflection of leaves. Still nothing happened. The fly twitched again. Suddenly there was a gentle swirl of water. Jumping high, he struck, and the Coachman disappeared. When I lifted the rod, I knew that my trout had been hooked. My heart beat fast as the line cut the water. Excitedly I loosened the reel, thinking, "A little more rope and he'll . . ."

But I never finished my thought—for the line had gone slack. The line had gone slack, which meant my fish had gone free. Cold, bitter logic.

From many such defeats, however, one learns to accept them philosophically. A short, mumbled curse was all I allowed myself. When the line began to come in, I found that the fly had been caught on a submerged branch. Quickly I moved along the stream and fished until noon; but there were no more strikes all morning.

Without a doubt the incident should have ended there, and it would have ended if Mr. Arden had not telephoned on business that night.

"Nonsense!" he fairly shouted. "A Coachman's no damn good on this brook. Any experienced fisherman with a Blue Dun can take the limit out. You try again."

Although Mr. Arden's claim seemed a bit rash, I decided to take his advice and try the brook once more. A single day of poor fishing certainly will not condemn any stream. The following Monday my summer vacation began; and armed with a Blue Dun, I started out early in the morning. The first twenty minutes of casting brought three fish—one thirteen inches long and two slightly above the required length. When I reached the pool where my trout had escaped, I cast the fly with unusual care. He struck again—almost before the Blue Dun hit the water. I decided, watching the line zig-zag across the pool, not to give him the slight-

est leeway. Back and forth he twisted, and then he turned and shot in. Frantically I pulled the line, but no use—he was free.

Suddenly this one fish had become tremendously important. A trout often bites day after day until he is caught or (for some undiscoverable reason) he leaves his favorite hole, and I resolved, that as long as he continued to strike I would fish for him. I felt that somehow my personal integrity was at stake. As for the rest of the brook, it had lost its attraction.

Tuesday morning I returned to the same pool—and went back empty handed. The same Wednesday and Thursday mornings. It was very discouraging. He struck, sometimes not for five or ten minutes; but he struck hard. I hooked him, and yet he always got away. After Thursday morning I thought that both of us needed time to consolidate our forces.

Now most true disciples of Izaac Walton, that is to say, anglers who are also amateur philosophers, hold somewhere in the back of their hearts an admiration for the trout. Springing from this admiration comes a tendency to endow their fish with human characteristics. I gave my trout human cleverness and named him Solomon Splash—Solomon for his apparent wisdom. Mr. Splash temporarily became a purpose in life.

The next Sunday, after an interval of three days, I returned again to the brook; and having made a hurried pretense of fishing the lower part, I reached my pool. The sun shone warm and bright. The air was alive with sounds of birds and insects. I pushed the brush to one side—and then I stopped. My eyes blinked in amazement, for there on the rock beside the pool sat a girl, a young girl, with her feet dangling in the water.

She said, "Hullo, fisherman."

I stared at her. Certainly not more than twenty-two,

red polka-dot dress, delicate features, reddish brown hair, beautiful reddish brown hair. . . .

"Hullo, fisherman, can't you be civil?"

"Why not?" I muttered. "You've only ruined my day's fishing."

She smiled. "I'm sorry. No luck?"

"None at all."

"What's your name?" she asked.

An aggressive little creature, I thought, but I replied, "Seldon—David Seldon."

A green darning-needle swooped above the water and balanced himself in the air between us. After a few seconds he disappeared.

"By the way," I inquired, "who are you?"

She looked straight at me and her eyes were serious. "I'm a trout."

"Nonsense, you have no fins."

"I did have before I jumped up onto this rock."

Her hair glistened under a patch of sunlight. It was by far the most gorgeous hair I had ever seen.

"Ah, then!" I exclaimed, loosening one boot strap, "perhaps you've met Solomon Splash."

"Perhaps."

She grinned impudently with the expression of a small boy about to raid the cooky jar. "What does he look like?"

"An extremely clever fish about twelve inches in length. Not terribly strong, but supple and fast. He's moody, capricious, handsome; and from the way he snarls up my line I'll say he had a sparkling sense of humor. All in all he's the most fascinating trout I've ever had occasion to run across."

She stood up and with an exaggerated curtesy said, "Charmed to meet you. My name is Solomon Splash."

As she sat down again, dangling her bare feet in the water, the impudent smile was gone.

"Well," I exlaimed, "so you're Mr. Splash?"

I walked around to her side of the pool, and leaning against a tree, I said casually, "You know, I've wanted to meet you for a long time."

"And I you, Mr. Seldon."

"Call me David."

"All right, David. Call me Sol."

She turned completely around so that we faced each other and extended her wet feet to a square of sunlight on the rock.

"Tell me, uh, Sol," I asked, "why did you leave such a charming pool?"

"Lots of reasons."

"For example?"

"Oh, the sun—and the air."

"You like the sun and the air?"

"Yes, very much," she said.

"So do I. Of course I get more of it than you do."

Embarrassed by the silence that followed, I groped for something to talk about. Who was this girl sitting here far from the nearest town? Perhaps a country girl, a farmer's daughter. No, her conversation sounded too sophisticated for that.

"You know, Mr. Seldon, David, I mean, when I was a trout I got awfully tired of eating worms and flies. They taste so flat."

"Yes, I should imagine they would."

Quickly without any warning whatsoever she inquired. "David, why do you suppose we live?"

Her sudden shift to philosophy took me completely by surprise.

"To—to enjoy ourselves," I stammered.

"Oh, is that the reason?"

"That's my reason. Everyone has his own."

She lay back on her rock and stared up at the sky.

Her hair hung down over the edge of the stone until it almost touched the water. Slowly I disjointed my fishing rod.

"David, look at that cloud."

"Which one?"

"That one over there, shaped like a pine tree."

"It does look like a pine tree, doesn't it?"

"Yes. And that one in back of it looks like a spider."

"Probably he is going up the pine tree," I suggested. "This is too fine a day to talk about insects. You know, we met only a few minutes ago, but already I feel as if we were old acquaintances."

"Isn't that odd? I feel the same way—as though I had just run across an old friend for the first time in ten years, perhaps a professor who taught me to play the violin when I was a child, or an old family doctor. Yes, that's it, a very old, tottering family doctor."

"All right," I mumbled, "be disagreeable."

She laughed.

"You're a strange girl," I said.

"Am I really?"

"Yes, but a very pretty one. I like your hair."

"So do I. Much better than fins."

By now that little fairy tale of hers had become irritating. A bright idea when over-worked loses its effectiveness.

"Must we go on like this?"

"What do you mean?"

"What's your name—really?"

Suddenly as if the question aroused some bitter memory, her eyes looked off into space. She said, "I have to leave now."

"When can I see you again?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Girls should never ask why. It's unfair."

"Tell me why."

Desperately I sought for a reason, but I found none. It had simply become necessary, absolutely necessary, that we see each other again.

"No," she said flatly, "I have to go."

As she stood up my heart sank. I felt helpless and yet angry, as though she were deliberately making a fool of me.

"Stop trying to be mysterious," I exclaimed. "Tell me where you live, and I'll take you home."

But she did not answer. My right hand grabbed her shoulder, and clumsily I bent over to kiss her. But as my face came within an inch of hers a hot pain jerked it back. She had struck the left side of my face with her fist. From the scratch of her fingernails a tiny stream of blood trickled down my cheek and I felt it run on to my chin and stop.

"Listen," I said, "I'm sorry."

She looked at me for several minutes. Her face had no expression.

"Did I hurt you much?"

"No, not much."

"Liar. Give me your handkerchief."

As she stepped to the brook, I watched her dress ripple in the breeze. She soaked the handkerchief, wrung it out, and came back. The cold water felt good on my face.

"Tell me, David, do you enjoy fishing?"

"What a silly question. Of course I do."

"Do the fish enjoy it?"

"I doubt whether a fish can feel pain."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Somehow, though, I can't work up any deep sympathy for a trout. He's a game fighter, admirable and all that, but he looks so cold and unemotional."

She burst out laughing.

"David, you heartless creature. Do you honestly believe that a trout has no feeling?"

"Yes," I said.

"All right! I'll prove to you that you're wrong, shall I?"

Completely bewildered, I murmured, "What do you mean?—Yes, of course, if you can."

"I can," she replied. "Come here."

Before I knew what had happened her arms were around my shoulders. It was a long kiss and decidedly emotional, and my heart pounded like a riveting machine. When it was over, she chuckled, a frank and honest chuckle, not at all self-conscious.

"Well, you win, Solomon," I exclaimed.

"David?"

"Yes."

"Oh, nothing. I have to go now."

"Where do you live? I'll take you home."

She pushed back a wisp of hair that hung down over one eye. "Do I have to punch you again?"

"Well, I'd rather you didn't."

"Then stop asking silly questions."

"All right," I said stubbornly, "but I'll follow you to the ends of the earth."

"Don't be foolish, David. You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll turn around and go home."

Folding my arms with an air of finality, I said, "I won't."

"Very well. Do as you please. But I'm going."

I stepped in front of her. "Young lady you'll not leave my sight until you set a definite time and place for our next meeting."

"Ha, ha!" she laughed. "You're a funny boy. Goodbye, David."

She turned and started walking away from the pool,

and I followed about three yards behind. After a few minutes she began to run, increasing her pace gradually. The path, which led through a narrow valley parallel to the brook and then turned up the slope of a hill, was so completely covered by foliage that it formed an archway. At first I did not worry about losing her, but she must have run incredibly fast for the gap between us widened. As my breath came harder, I found that I had no second wind at all. Then the slope of the hill grew steeper. I saw her far ahead, her hair and dress streaming behind her.

"Stop!" I shouted. "I can't catch you."

When she had gained the peak of the ridge she stopped.

"David," she said, "come back tomorrow morning."

I thought I could hear a break in her voice and see tears shining in her eyes.

"I'll let you catch me then," she said.

"You promise?"

"I promise."

She turned and walked away. I saw a patch of her red dress moving among the tree trunks, and then she was gone.

The huge clock in the hall downstairs began to strike —three, four, five. Turning over in bed I heard the chimes boom through the corridor—eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. It was no use; I could not sleep. Downstairs in the parlor smoking endless cigarettes I ran over our conversation again and again. Her hair shone like copper. Her lips, glistening red, moved softly and smiled. Why had she acted so strangely when I asked her about herself? Married! Yes, of course, it always worked out that way, and that might account for her peculiar manner. Somehow, though, it did not explain her mysterious and evasive replies. I felt vaguely disturbed, and the house was cold, so I

gulped down a shot of brandy before returning to bed.

The next morning steel-gray cumulus clouds hung low in the sky, and a chill pervaded the air. I reached the pool at six o'clock and waited. As the hours, mercilessly long, stretched by, she did not come. Somehow, it seemed natural—almost as though I had never really expected her. I smoked cigarettes, and when the pack was empty I looked around for some other diversion. After what had happened yesterday this place had become unbearably depressing. A robin flew to the edge of the pool, and fastened his eyes to the water and then plunged half his throat into it. As he tilted back his head, I could almost feel the cold water running down. It was then I remembered that my fishing equipment had not been taken from the car. The rod, fitted out with a leader and the Blue Dun, was still there, just as it had been left the day before. Perhaps Solomon would be at home in his pool. Solomon, the word now had peculiar overtones—Solomon.

I brought back the rod, went over all the joints and knots, just to be sure, and tossed the fly to the center of the pool. When I looked out to find it, it was gone. Probably with not enough oil on it the fly had sunk—that happens once in a while. I pulled in the line, and as I did so I felt a light, tugging weight on the end, as though the fly had caught upon something. When it came closer, in order not to put a strain on the pole, I pushed my hand net under the end. Beneath—a broken limb? No, a trout! There was Solomon! He had submitted quietly. Like a dead weight, and without the least fight, he had surrendered. This was unheard of! Although I had caught him at last, the flush of satisfaction did not stay long, for suddenly a voice from inside my brain whispered, "I promise. I promise. I promise."

"What a remarkable coincidence!" I thought.

The voice repeated, "I promise. I promise. I promise."

It seemed to be pounding against my heart.

"No, you madman," I muttered. "Are you crazy? Just a weird coincidence, that's all. Just a freak of chance, of course; just a coincidence, that's all. Just a coincidence."

I slipped my net from under Solomon; he was already free of the hook. While he hung in the water motionless, sunlight reflected the mottled green from his back for a second, and then he disappeared. In the center of the pool the water swirled, and I felt sick inside, as I watched the ripples lengthen out. Then I picked up my rod, turned, and walked down the path to the car.

RECOMPENSE

The wind had cleared the sky of all the veils
That hid its shining depths of brightest hue,
And free before the running swells, with sails
Well filled, the ship to leeward tacked anew.
The scud-clouds, lashing winds, and stinging brine,
Can sweep man's soul away with wildest rush;
While squalid cities do his heart confine
And ruthlessly his questing spirit crush.
Now swaying with the ship, the helmsman stood
And felt within his heart the pulse of life
With strength and freedom surge. He called it good
To dwell apart from man's long soil-bound strife.
But once aroused, these peaceful seas arise,
Destroying men, when lashed by raging skies.

G. Kent Stoddard, '41

THOUGHTS OF A YOUNGEST SON

Anonymous

Dear Trinity:

Before I leave you for whatever lies ahead, I want to write this letter to you in memory of my stay here—a memorandum of some of the many thoughts and feelings that I encountered in the course of four years.

As I look ahead, the little that can be seen tends to make me distrustful of my background and knowledge. Was it worthwhile to spend years in cloistered training? Will I do better on the patriotic battlefield, wading in mud—and blood? Will I quote Aristotle through my gas mask? Will I think of Aesculapius when my body is worn and torn? Will I have the courage to seek God? Furthermore, will I have the understanding to let alone those who do not agree? I have waited four years to know the answers.

It seems to me that they hate me, Trinity. I mean those people ahead, outside there. They seem to be waiting for me to come out to start a fight. I remember when the village bully waited across the street from school. I would come out after many hours, and we would fight. Is that what it is like out there? I never thought it much fun.

It seems that everyone out there is destructive. One hears very little decent, constructive criticism. "Politics is bad, labor is bad, business is bad, religion is bad, Germany is bad, America is bad;" everything is bad to somebody, and only the geniuses know who is right. Yet we are ready to die for it! We don't agree with our neighbors fundamentally, but if a few damned fools run by shouting "wolf," we will all go out to hunt together. Pity the poor fellows who do not know they look like wolves. Pity yourself, they think you look like the very devil!

What is happening to your sons, Trinity? How do they live, those that do live? How do they think? How do they feel? Are they glad they came to the House on the Hill? Can they call spades spades when occasion demands, or do they play "possum-dead" for their lily-white hands?

Once upon a time somebody told me that honesty was the best policy, that I should love my neighbor, yes, even my enemy, ... pity the weak and helpless . . . . succor the poor . . . . I have forgotten the rest. Shall I really try to do it, or shall I wave my hands and talk about it instead with a smile, ... and an inner curse gripping my heart?

Ahead I see a slight mist over all. It does not hide anything, but the light strikes it strangely and the proportion is altered.

What is the life I am to lead? where is the mountain that I must climb? who is the giant to try my strength? where is a beauty for me to win? where is the pillow to rest my head?

. . . guns . . . blood . . . sons . . . mud . . . Oh God! did you look out today and see the new green buds?

My father took me on his knee one evening and talked of the years to come when I would be a big man, strong and good, a success, profiting by all his labors, successes, and failures.

What is success? Peace of the Soul? They say so, but nobody really believes them. Rich men are called successful every day by their friends, and called many things by those not so lucky as they. I wonder who sleeps in the cleaner bed.

(They say too that even royalty picks its nose in private.)

But what shall I do? Struggle for wealth at all costs, or live in "honorable poverty?" Give my life to love of beauty, or trample on all that I may gain a

corner on what remains? Shall I seek friends for friendship, or for favor?

Oh, don't be trite. Don't say there is a Right and there is a Wrong. What are they? The world is in a mist, the proportions are new and strange. The Right is Right because society desires it, and now society is in flux.

Are those out there torn and flung about like rags in the wind, gathering dirt from all that passes, wrapped in themselves and the flapping? Or do they sail above on bright, clean wings, surveying the whole and dipping in tribute to the good?

These are difficult questions. These are the queries of one tired of quizzing the outer mind; tired of berating it; tired of correcting it. These legions challenge your obligations to man, Trinity. These armies demand solid food for the inner mind.

◆

KISMET

He was the master of
his fate,
Fighting until he gained
The recognition
Of men,
As well as huge amounts
Of good
United States cash.
He scoffed at Destiny—
"Hard work," he said,
"Makes for success.

Last night a chunk
Of stone,
Ignorant of such matters
As Fate and the determination
Of Men,
Fell from a cornice and
Cracked his head.

On a star many million
Miles away,
Three sisters examined
A broken thread,
And laughed.

Daniel J. Cruson, '39

WETHERSFIELD MEADOWS

It turned the dust to gold,
Warm, padding dust, to gold;
The sun flamed red and low,
And I plod the winding trail,
The homeward, winding trail,
Wearily and slow,

Through rolling, spreading meadows,
Golden-painted meadows,
Brushed by the slanting ray.

The summer's wind blew cool,
And I kept the homeward way
At eve, my homeward way;
The waist-high grass waved rippling,
Long shadows floated wide,
Lightly floated wide.

The river flowed behind me
Silently, behind me,
The church tower gleamed before;
I lingered in the coolness,
Reluctant, in the coolness,
To breathe one fragrance more—

Till the light fled from the meadows,
The spreading, rippling meadows,
And faded in the elms,
And night fell on the river,
And stars shone in the sky.

The cricket's drowsied chirping,
The hyla's wakeful peeping,
Sang across the meadows.

Then peace was sudden with me,
Sheltering boughs above me,
Comforting sounds about me
As I hurried through the darkness
Into town.

Norman C. Miller, '40

REBELLION

Henry H. Hayden, '39

YOUNG Don Ritchie turned to survey the sunset. The long bars of startling crimson slowly faded into a bank of low-hanging purple clouds which lay just over Cross Ridge. The brilliant maples frosted to a glowing orange, gradually blended into the dusk along the horizon. Always the tang of this late October air started him brooding.

"It's time I had a little say around here," he thought. "I can't be stuck here in this woodland forever. They took me out of high school before I had time to really know what it was all about . . . they thought. Farm it! In this damn little town eight miles off the main highway and twenty miles from a place large enough to have a motion picture house and two schools!"

He stopped remembering his troubles when he heard a piercing whoop from over the knoll. He turned his back on the sunset, and climbed upwards until he reached the hill pasture gate. He sat on the stone wall, puffing, and bellowed "Co-bass . . . co-bass." Several minutes elapsed and then Daisy, Belle, and Tessy poked their bovine noses through the underbrush and clumped eagerly toward the bars which Don was hastily removing.

The cattle stumbled and jumped along blowing huge clouds of white steam into the frosty night. He wearily clambered down the steep descent after them. The mud at the brook crossing was freezing into stiff

crunchy hoof-prints where the cattle trod. Their sleek, fat sides glistened in the sharp clear air. He sprinted in ahead of Daisy, and creaked open the ancient stable door. The hot, smothering odor of stale cow dung, bran mash, coarse cow turnips, and sweaty leather harnesses saturated the air. He was sick of it all. He swore under his breath at the foulness of it.

Old man Ritchie hollered from the loft in that tone so used to commanding his sons.

"Hup . . . hup . . . Here! Take this hay, son."

Don sullenly obeyed. He stacked the feed bins in front of the cattle, who stood patiently waiting to have their necks fastened in place.

He grabbed the milking stool viciously. He milked with an unprecedented force and carelessness. The beast resented it. A strong flick of the cow's tail caught him across the face. He said "damn," and continued more slowly.

Dad shuffled in from the other stable and leaned over him. He yelled in Don's ear high above the sounds of the cattle, the thumping in the bay above, and the steady squish, squish of the milking.

"Don't fergit to give 'em the new turnips, and some of that Grade C mash!"

He nodded. It was always the same. He knew precisely how every chore should be done. He had known ever since he was twelve. They treated him like an imbecile. Wait until tonight—he thought.

The dinner bell clanged from the side porch. Old man Ritchie yelled at Don to hurry up. The hired man, Lem, dropped work immediately and hiked toward the house. Lem did that every night. The odds and ends were always left to Don. One couldn't quit chores on the dot. Hired men thought so, but real farmers didn't.

He came in the house last. Saturday night. Baked beans and brown bread! Good stuff! At least you got plenty of solid victuals living on a farm. He scraped his chair on the rough floor as he sat down. Dad glared at him.

"Take it easy," he roared.

The old oil lamp shed a yellow glow on the steaming food. Old Man Ritchie bowed his rugged grey head and said a blessing. He muffled it under his collar.

". . . grace . . . shed . . . bless . . . God . . . our . . . bread . . . Amen!"

How could God know that he, and dad, and ma, and Lem really did like their food? Don didn't know. He ceased to think any more about it. His mouth was full of beans and chili sauce.

Warm suppers on cold nights were the only bright spots of a dull existence. He was twenty and he could remember clearly the dreadful monotony of the cold season which began in late September and lasted until June. It was bed at eight-thirty, and up at five. You put on chilled damp clothes and hurried out to milk. The early mists shattered your temper with their clammy coldness. Hell, farming was no song and dance when you had to ferret out a precarious existence against rocky Vermont soil.

Dad never spoke at supper, but just shoveled in the food and said, "All right, Maw," when she took his plate for a third piece of pie. Ma never had anything to say, either, although sometimes she looked at her son tenderly and wondered what he would become—something more than an ignorant Vermont farmer, perhaps. She couldn't reckon with the bull-headedness of the head of the family. His mind was a narrow channel—straight, but very narrow.

By eight the barn chores were done. Lem had gone

down to North Adams with his wife and brother-in-law. "I'm goin' down with Hessy and Eph, to see the movin' pitchers. They's a new one called *Scarlet Hell* playing down thar tonight. Gosh, my Hessy likes them kind. Not me. I sleep right through 'em. I ain't much fer this romance stuff." The usually reticent Lem confided all this in Don that afternoon.

"Movin' pitchers," thought Don. "Huh, I can't even see them. Dad thinks they're sinful." He sat slumped in the rocker by the living room coal range. He thumbed the pages of the *Grange Weekly*. He couldn't see very well because Dad had the lamp over on the table, making out his egg delivery bills. Why couldn't they have electricity! Two years ago the Turners Falls people had put it to a town meeting. Ben Ritchie had been adamant in refusing to let them bring electricity to the town. So had eighty other stalwart citizens. "Too much for taxes," had been their cry. Ma came into the room. She sighed, and sank into the old Morris chair. Her toil-worn fingers automatically picked up the faded overalls and she began patching them for the fourth time. The room was utterly silent. Don could hear his sturdy heart throbbing under his heavy flannel shirt. His voice sounded strange to him. He stirred to his feet.

"I'm twenty-one tomorrow," he said. He momentarily lost his courage. Old Man Ritchie kept on with his egg bills, muttering figures to himself. Maw looked uneasy. She never spoke first.

Ritchie looked up with a blank expression on his face.

"Huh?" he grunted.

"I said I'm twenty-one!"

"Well now, that's right, son. You're gettin' right along, aren't you? Did you have anything in mind besides goin' to church tomorrow?" Ritchie chuckled.

"Do you know what twenty-one means? It means that I'm old enough to be independent, to think for myself, to choose a career, to marry; or at least see a girl besides Carlotta Cross, or Ellie Wry. Do you understand?"

Old Ritchie looked pained, then red, and then his Yankee temper burst.

"Well, I never! So you're getting those same notions that your brother got. Look what happened to him. He thought he was too good to farm it. He wanted to lead the gay life. Four years ago, that was. He took my car to go to North Adams with one of them summer folks girls. You know what happened."

Ma was sobbing. It had hurt her losing Jimmie that way. Jimmie, whom they loved and trusted. Jimmie was the pride of the family. He died of a broken skull in a mass of wreckage at the hairpin curve in Willenby. The coroner said he'd been drunk. They wouldn't believe it.

Always thrusting that in his face! He knew how they felt about Jimmie. Poor kid! No wonder he had gone crazy that night, and driven like mad off the deep end. No prospect of seeing any fun. He was taken out of school when he had finished his third year at Rockledge High School. Don was just entering. He remembered how it had hurt Jimmie to have to quit . . . . and Jimmie had hated farming, too. How could dad be so narrow? He stared at him with blazing eyes. No use trying to hurt him with bitter words of reproach. It wouldn't do any good. The Old Man was too stubborn.

Ma left the room, and the elder Ritchie settled back to his figuring. It was hopeless, but Don would wait. There would be a time.

"Why don't you go over and see Ellie Wry next Wednesday, son?"

"All right."

It was over. This family quarrel stuff was the bunk. It didn't get you anywhere.

Sunday morning dawned bright and cold. Don was twenty-one. The household went about its morning duties as placidly as ever. At nine-thirty Dad was fuming away in the north bedroom trying to get into his Sunday clothes before ten, without tearing his shirt to ribbons. Ma was fussing with her modest black dress. Don was out in the yard tinkering with the engine of the 1931 "Chevvie." Finally the family came out and got in the car. The engine coughed and whined and at last the car rolled off towards Willenby Center. Don drove. Dad sat in back poring intensely over his Sunday School lesson. Don felt stiff and alert under the restraint of his clothing, his parents' scrutiny, and his clashing ideas of freedom peculiar to the age of twenty-one.

The gloomy little church was cold. The pews were straight and hard, and the congregation was scattered and ill at ease. Don, then Ma, and then Dad tip-toed down the isle to pew four, just in back of Deacon Havens who always said the last "amen" in the responsive reading. There was an unusual amount of neck-craning this morning. "New-comers or city folks," thought Don.

The congregation rose to gurgle and grumble the strains of the doxology. Mrs. Lem Hackett strove mightily with the wheezy organ.

". . . Praise God from Whom all blessings flow . . ."

Don turned his head, still singing a thick bass. He stopped and gaped. New people in church—and a girl!

". . . All people here below . . ."

Parson Oliver tilted his pink bald head upwards and wafted a nasal wail on high. Don turned his attention

back to the front. Ellie was making eyes at him from the choir. He looked at her blankly. His eyes were conscious of the ugly red and blue church windows. Suddenly the sun appeared brighter than usual. He saw that the blue pane cast a pallid glare on Ellie's sharp profile, outlining with severity her harsh nose and small petulant mouth. How he hated her, now! She, with her small town ideas and her cattiness. Let her settle down with some clumsy farmer and raise ten kids. She wanted to, and her folks wanted her to. They couldn't marry her off too soon.

Parson Oliver invoked the Diety in his rolling pious tone. He drew a booming "amen" from Deacon Havens when he ended. His face lit up with a beaming goodwill for all, as he read the messages and announcements for the week.

"On Thursday, we have the Ladies' Aid supper with Mrs. Ben Ritchie and Mrs. Elisha Barker in charge."

Don thought about that. He would get the car that night to take Ellie, or Carlotta, to the church supper. Well, things were breaking right.

The sermon droned on. The mention of some prophet of doom wailing in the desert caught his fancy, and he opened his eyes. He counted the sluggish flies crawling above the chandelier over the organ. There were seventeen . . . no, there were twenty. He shut his eyes again, and an impression of someone slim, dark, and provocative blurred the grey of his sub-conscious vision. He bent forward and his head collided with the back of the front pew. It was time to pray, anyhow, so he kept his head there. Finally the prayer was over, leaving nobody left unblessed. The organ wheezed forth, and Don sung basso-profundo with reckless vigor. The last hymn petered out and Parson Oliver sounded the benediction.

The family moved en masse toward the exit. Each

member of the congregation pumped the soggy hand of Parson Oliver and said, "Such a good sermon!" Don looked in vain for the new family—and the new girl. He found her just as she was getting into an old Studebaker parked by the library next to the church. Don walked casually close to the car.

"You new here?"

She nodded, a faint smile of amusement in her grey eyes.

Here was someone who would understand, he thought. He would confide in her. Of course he didn't know her yet, and there wasn't much time. Sunday until Thursday. That wasn't long. Necessity made him bold.

"We're glad to see you here. I'm Don Ritchie, and I live over on Buff Cap near Cross Ridge. We have a milk route through Willenby. Maybe I'll see you this week."

"Of course," she nodded. She added strangely, "Do you like Vermont autumn?"

"I never thought about it."

"I don't!" she said.

"Neither do I."

"I'm from the city, and now we have to live up here with Grandma until Father gets back on his feet."

"That's tough," he said.

"You're a native?" she inquired with that half smile flickering over her wide mouth. She knew right well that he was.

"Yes."

There didn't seem to be anymore to say. He wanted desperately to tell his plan to someone. Nobody in Willenby could understand. He left her and sauntered over to his car. He thought about it while going home.

It was Sunday afternoon. No chores until five.

There remained three hours of nothing to do. Don walked out on the hill above the house. He surveyed Cross Ridge, taking full stock of the reds, the oranges, and the purples that enlivened the landscape. He looked beyond the horizon. Off there, he thought, were the cities; the tall stone buildings, the neon signs whose reds and lavenders were more enticing than frosted maple trees. Out there was real gayety and life, not monotonous toil in the rut of farm life. He ceased to think of abstract qualities when he considered a real job, a weekly pay check, perhaps a car, a radio, perhaps a girl who didn't talk of canning, dressmaking, and settling down. Day-dreaming didn't get you anywhere. He struck out through the north woodlot, walking with long eager steps through the cold afternoon. The drifts of dead leaves crackled and swished under his feet. The sky had become opaquely white and little eddies of grey clouds tumbled along above him. There would be a cold, bitter rain tomorrow, he thought.

When he emerged from the woods on the South Willenby road he was some miles from his home. It was an improved gravel road which bore regular travel when the summer people were there. Now it looked as lonely and untraveled as Cross Ridge road. He turned towards Willenby estimating that he could make it at five in time for chores if he hurried.

He had covered a mile when he heard a loud honk behind him. A dingy old Studebaker loomed over the hill. There was a solitary girl at the wheel. It was the new girl. He wished he knew her name. He drew over to let her pass. She stopped.

"Going someplace?" she inquired.

"Just out walking. Heading home now."

"Get in."

He complied. Sitting there in the front seat beside

her he noticed her dress, and her open, blue cape-coat. They fitted her somehow. Not like the town girls whose clothes looked too often like misshapen bran sacks. She had class. She was slim, and yet not too slim. Bet she wouldn't marry a farmer, thought Don.

She felt his close scrutiny. She turned her eyes from the road and smiled at him.

"You don't like it here, do you?"

He regarded her with mock amazement.

"Like it? Why the h . . . er, I mean why should I? I only had two years of high school, but it was enough to disgust me with the prospect of farming it the rest of my life. The work is never done. We haven't electricity, nor will we ever get it with the fogies in this town. Early to bed, early to rise; and we're healthy, but dumb and poor. Haven't a chance of making money against this soil. Even poultry is a failure. Aw, what's the use!"

"Haven't you any ambitions?"

She was clever, leading him on this way. He'd talk too much to this fool girl if he wasn't careful. He didn't answer directly.

"You want to try the city. I can see it in your eyes. It's the same story—as old as America—boy leaves farm for the city."

"You're laughing at me, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Just Betty Barker."

"Not . . . Is Mrs. Barker your grandmother?"

What strange things happened. Who thought the old crank had a grand-daughter, much less a nice one.

"Yes, but look out, Mr. Ritchie. I'm a city girl. Maybe a designing female, too." She laughed.

"Who were your folks?" he said irrelevantly.

"Father used to tell me about the way his dad treated him. That was my Grandfather Elisha Barker. I never saw him. He treated my father like a

child until he was twenty-one. Then Dad ran away. He met mother in the city. He worked in a fish cannery and he wanted to be an architect but all the architecture he had ever seen had been red barns and farmhouses."

Don grinned. She was amusing. He knew more about his profession than most, he thought.

"I want to be a radio engineer. I suppose that sounds ridiculous, too, when I live in Central Vermont, have had only two years of high school, and have fooled with dinky short wave sets. Boys just don't run away from home, either. It isn't easy. The police or someone brings you back."

"I wouldn't say that."

She jammed on the brakes. The old crate squeaked to a full stop. It was in front of the grey clapboarded Ritchie homestead.

"Gosh, we got here quick!" Too quick. Too damn quick.

"Didn't we, though. You see girls can drive, too, even in Vermont."

"I'm coming down to the bank tomorrow. Will you be at home?"

"I hope so. Please do drop in. I may have some news for you." She gave the car a jump start and left him in the road to puzzle what she meant.

The sun was down. It was after five. She hadn't driven him straight back. She had actually wanted to talk with him. Hell, chores to do again. He didn't bother to change his clothes. He threw on a pair of overalls and groped his way down the steep dusty stairs from the bay to the stable. His father had fixed the cattle, and was already milking with that iron-jawed, quiet wrath on his face.

"Where ya ben keepin' yourself? Yer late!"

"Out walking."

"Whose car?"

"New girl in Willenby. Mrs. Elisha Barker's granddaughter."

Dad was always so inquisitive. What difference did it make where he'd been? He got away seldom enough.

On Monday he got the egg money to take to the bank at Willenby Center. Half of it was his. He and Dad had a joint account.

Ritchie handed his son the money and the bank book when the chores were done.

"Here's twenty-one dollars and thutty-four cents. Don't forgit to stop at Becketts with the butter. Tell old man Wry that I'll be able to saw that wood of his'n next Tuesday. Hurry back cause I got some apple sortin' to tend to."

"What about that new hen coop? Is it all right if I draw out that eighty dollars today and make a payment on the cement and lumber?"

"Wal, I cal'ate that it ought to pay for itself in seven months. Go ahead if you want to."

He drove off slowly, scarcely looking at the road. His head was reeling with details. "Bennington . . . . nine-fifteen . . . . nine . . . . $5.50 . . . . suitcase . . . . Ellie . . . . Betty Barker . . . . garage," he muttered.

The errands were quickly done. His breast pocket bulged with the eighty dollars in small bills that he had made Jeff Sprockett count out for him. He remembered the surprised expression on the grey and decrepit teller's face framed in the window of the vest pocket sized bank located beside the Grange hall.

Now for Betty's.

She ran across the Barker lawn and down the terrace when she saw his car. Her cheeks were ruddy. The wind blew the black hair across her grey eyes, and

she shook her head impatiently. She was out of breath from running.

"How are you, farmer?"

"I have eighty dollars, and a plan," Don replied.

"Yes, I know. Bennington at nine-fifteen. Leave Ellie at the church supper. Have a garage man in Bennington take the car back."

"How did you know?" He squinted at her dubiously. The girl was damn smart. She read his mind like a book.

"Oh, I just wondered what I'd do if I were a country boy running away from home," she laughed. "Seriously, I think you shouldn't."

"You wouldn't squeal, would you?" Instinctively he knew she wouldn't.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"I have an uncle who needs a chauffeur. He lives in Brookline. You could live in a garage and get most of your nights free. Only earn twenty-two a week, though."

"Twenty-two!"

"Don't do it."

Was this girl trying to dictate to him? He didn't argue. He smiled mysteriously. Her words stuck with him. "Don't do it," she said. He liked her, too. Damn it if he didn't think he loved her. Only twice had he seen her, though. She wouldn't be here long. "Until her father got on his feet," she had said. Eighty dollars was a lot of money though, and so was twenty-two . . . . and Boston!

There was corn to be fed to the silo, harness to be mended, pig-sty to be cleaned, wood to be sawed, barn to be repaired. Lem was no good. How would Dad manage? He'd always managed to keep his sons in line. He ought to be able to work his farm. The cows wouldn't get drunk and wreck the car. The hens

wouldn't stay out late at night. The pigs wouldn't run away from home to see the city. No sir, cattle were different from boys, thought Don. You could run your farm with an iron hand, but not your sons.

The days from Monday to Thursday went with awful slowness. Don could count the hours, the minutes, the seconds. He moped around the house so that even his folks noticed it.

Dad, with his tireless energy, was infuriated by Don's apathy.

"Ya ain't sick, are you?"

"No."

"Well, snap out of it, then. When are you going to start that new hen coop?"

"Friday morning, I guess."

Don hammered away at the new calf enclosure, heeding no man's praise or insults. Thursday night . . . . Thursday night . . . . Thursday night! It hammered at his brain.

Ellie called on Thursday afternoon. He almost escaped to the pasture, but she caught him as he was sneaking out behind the milk shed.

"Oh, Don. I'm so thrilled you're taking me to the supper Thursday night. Mother says you're such a dear. I'm going to wear my . . . ."

"Yeh, that's great. I got to go up the hill pasture. I'll be seeing you, Ellie."

"I saw you talking to that new girl, Mrs. Barker's grand-daughter. She's one of those stuck-up Boston things. I heard her pa's lost his money. Wonder how she likes it here. Carlotta and I will make it hot for her."

Don strode off while she was still chattering insanely. What a dumb hick she was. Glad he wasn't going to stay here and marry anybody like her. Just a matter of hours, now.

He returned from the hill pasture at four-thirty, leaving Lem to finish the chores. There was little time, and every minute counted. His breath came chokingly, and every muscle quivered as he raced into the house. He lifted his voice in a spirited bass, rambling through the folk ballads he knew such as *Darling Nellie Gray* and *Red Wing*. Gone was his gruffness and depression. Let them hear him now in his joy! The kitchen rang with the echoes, yet above his head came the sounds of splashing and running water—Dad was getting dressed.

"If Dad looks in my closet and sees those clothes gone, I'm sunk!" Don flew up the stairs, swung whirling on the banister, and ran into his little low-roofed bedroom. He seized a tie from his rack. "Better take him one of my ties or he will come poking around here after one."

He came sheepishly into his father's bedroom. The old man was putting on his shoes, his body awkward and thinly muscular hunched grotesquely forward. He had no shirt on. "Golly, he looks thin," thought Don.

"Here's one of my ties, Dad."

"Thankee. Ye haven't got an extra pair of suspenders, have ye?"

"I'll look." He closed the door part-way and turned with burning cheeks toward his room.

Don knew that there were no suspenders, for everything was packed in a suitcase hidden in Lem's garage on the South Willenby road. He took off his own hurriedly, and took them in. There was no one in the room. Downstairs he heard his father's voice protesting in a strange tone over some trifling disarrangement of his collar. Ma was struggling with it before the mirror, at the foot of the stairs. Suddenly there was an odd commotion—then a stillness.

"Don!" His mother's voice.

"Yes!" he shouted.

"Come here!" she sobbed.

He ran, barefoot and partly dressed down the stairs, his heart pounding, and his whole being consumed with a savage mixture of pity and rage.

Ma bent over a still form on the wicker sofa. Dad's face was white beneath his outdoor leathery skin color. He breathed in a quick jumpy manner. Ma pointed to his heart and Don knew instantly—too much work and worry had told. A man couldn't do it at sixty-three.

He ran out across the strange yard to the barn. The whole farm seemed to be quiet and strange, the tragedy inside having transcended the walls and stilled the very animals and the usual hearty barnyard sounds. In scarcely a minute he had the old "Chevvie" careening over the rough road toward the Barker house. It was the nearest house in Willenby that had a phone. Reaching it, Don exploded from the car, crossed the lawn in a stride and rapped heavily against the door. He breathed hard, his eyes watered with fear and anger—anger at himself for his selfishness at such a time. Betty opened the door, and not speaking, except with his eyes, he walked unsteadily past her to the phone.

"Doctor Porter, hurry . . . . please hurry. My dad, Ben Ritchie, has just had a heart attack!"

Betty met him at the door, her face understanding and her eyes pitying. It was in the dark narrow hallway and his body almost touched her. He was torn between desires.

"I told you not to go. Hang on. Help your Dad while he needs you!" Her low voice spoke in monosyllables.

Don nodded, and turned away.

"There's plenty of time. Twenty-one isn't the last day of youth, Don."

"I've been a fool!"

He went out into the October night where the air was cool and bracing, and the thought came to him that twenty-one was not the last day of youth.

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ON READING SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

Immortal man of rime still unsurpassed,
Was life or death your greatest pain,
Whose sorrows once upon your shoulders massed
Had made each plaintive outcry seem in vain?
Was life that cruel, or death that full of fear,
Or man too strong, or woman cold and fair,
Which brought that cry of pain supremely clear
Through verse that time its worth can not impair?
You cannot speak, save in your lovely song
In black and white engraved before my eyes;
A melody whose spirit lingers long,
And though your ears are deaf calls forth replies.
But why should I in tribute to you speak?
Where others failed, now my verse too is weak.

G. Kent Stoddard, '41

THE DEATH OF CUPID

Daniel J. Cruson, '39

There is a mouse who shares my apartment with me. He lives in an empty beer can behind the radiator, where it is very cozy and warm when the janitor is sober enough to keep the fire going. Last night the mouse came in crocked to the ears and evidently suffering from a set-back in his love life. After trying for an hour to convince myself that the beer I smelled was not inside him but was the result of his falling into a drain-pipe near the local brewery, he stood on my bed-post and dramatically recited the following *chanson.*

Ah, melancholy rain and mournful wind
That bring a message from a shade of yesteryear—
The ghost of him who in the past has sinned,
And now too late he sheds a tear.

While cupid's corpse lies cold upon the ground,
In truth, struck dead by him whose spirit haunts me still,
And lovers come amazed and stand around
And shiver from the tomb's damp chill.

A dreary dismal dirge assails the ear,
And hosts of souls long lost bemoan their dreadful fate,
And he who living brought two lovers near,
Lies cold and dead and insensate.

THE MODERN FALLACY

Robert J. Harris, '39

FOR some supernatural reason, unknowable to man, there are times in the world's history when an overwhelming spirit pours into the individual souls of men, and unites them all in a single, heroic effort to attain an unattainable ideal. Miraculous mental and physical expansion, high creativeness in science and art, a righteous pride in the nobility of man, a social harmony, and a naive fascination and love for the mystery and beauty of life are the incidental results of this spiritual inspiration of man.

When this epochal spirit exhausts itself, and the soul of man disintegrates into its elements of individual souls, a period of reflective inactivity follows, when man stops for a century or so, before going on, to recollect the glories of the past golden age, and draw, from these recollections, new truth about the nature of human existence, to guide him in future endeavors. Such was the Alexandrian Age when the uncreative, unappreciative fact collectors of Alexandria were driven by a beneficent instinct to store up the treasures of the fast dying Greek civilization for future men of genius to enjoy and imitate. Such, to a far greater extent, is our own age.

We, of this modern era of watching and waiting, are probably the greatest observers and collectors of

facts that the world has ever tolerated. The whole material universe, framed in time and space, is our field of investigation. From the world's storehouses of knowledge, armies of industrious scientists of various specializations, with their tools of precision and their capacious brains for retaining facts, go out into space to the realms of the star and the atom and all the stages of matter between, and go back in time, through the slow ages in the growth of the earth and its life to that ancient, eventful day when the world was ripped from the side of the sun; and later return to contribute their brainfuls of newly found facts to the dangerously swelling world store of knowledge.

It is our particular malady, however, to have gone so far in our fact collecting that we have become convinced that this is one of the most intelligent occupations of man, and that we, who excel in it, are the world's wisest people. We have found an artificial unity of thought and endeavor in our preoccupation with mechanical and scientific progress, and have dismissed the idea of an epochal spirit as an illusion of the ancients. Thus by the effective magic of wishful thinking we have transformed ourselves from an uncreative people of a spiritless age, whose duty it is to store up a few significant facts for the future, to the greatest thinkers and doers of the world, living in the most progressive of ages; who will inevitably exhaust the universe of all its mystery, and present the whole thing in cold, dead facts for the comprehension of all; and who will inevitably construct the most efficient machines conceivable, for the service of man, and thereby achieve the goal of all human endeavor.

Let us consider to what dangerously false conclusions our self-deception has led us.

Though, as cocky scientists we call ourselves the venerable wise men of the world, clear-eyed and cold,

free from the illusions of our adolescent ancestors, who sensed supernatural dwellers in trees and rocks and rivers, and feared and worshipped them; nevertheless, we are the world's greatest self-belittlers. Man has fallen low in men's esteem. This is the most grievous consequence of our pre-occupation with a fact collecting science, and of our vain attempt to establish new truths, drawn in a spiritless time, for all time; and as such it demands a close scrutiny.

For our adolescent ancestors, man stood at the center of the universe, heroic in stature and god-like in comprehension, and all things fell away from him in a descending scale for his use and his enjoyment. As a tragic hero he rose to the heights of nobility; as a philosopher he embraced the whole universe; and as a poet he over-flowed with its life-giving spirit. He was the rightful lord of the universe, and the highest and final creation of God.

We of this older disillusioned age dismiss these eulogies of man as the over-estimations of a people suffering from illusions of grandeur. We are wiser than our ancestors in our knowledge of man's limitations and his insignificance. We know that man is not centric, but eccentric; not tragic but comic; not god-like, but ape-like. We stand apart and view man objectively. We compare him to the other members of the animal kingdom, and find that he is far surpassed by some animal or other, in every one of his faculties. The cozy universe that early man wove about him like a cocoon has been shattered, and the chilly atmosphere of infinite space pours in upon him; and we see that the space he takes up in the universe and the time he takes up in eternity are negligible. We travel back into time, out into space, ever scrutinizing the infinite variety of forms, both living and dead, that the universe contains, and we conclude that man's place is

indeed an insignificant one. But there is one all-changing truth that we overlook: that in all these distant wanderings in time and space, we never once advance beyond the boundaries of our human minds.

Ours is essentially a knowing, or scientific age. Science has expanded far beyond its natural bounds. She has invaded many fields which belong by their very nature to art and the humanities, and she has claimed them for her own. She has driven Clio from history, the humanist from politics, and the philosopher from the mysterious regions of the mind. Those strange, immaterial things which instinct has told her are not hers, she has attemped to rid of their mystery by critical analysis. Religious, aesthetic, and moral experience she has found to be human illusions arising from material sources. With a fool's fearlessness, she has ventured everywhere, to possess and to examine, and now she rules supreme. And to what end? Misinformation!

To know the real nature of any part of the universe, however large or small, one must view that part in all its various relationships to all the other parts of the whole universe: for it is these necessary relationships that give the part its real nature. To remove a part from its natural place in the whole, and to contemplate it as a thing in itself, independent of its relationships, is to contemplate unreality. Now without an epochal spirit, vital unities such as man's universe, his society, and his mind, disintegrate.

When the last epochal spirit breathed itself out, the universe, as conceived by man, fell apart; and all that remains today for the scientist's contemplation are dead material parts and their mechanical motion. Consequently, the modern scientist is daily misinforming himself about the universe, because he must study it in its present depreciated state of dead disintegration.

Without the creative imagination that spirit gives to the human mind, the modern scientist can no longer run ahead of imperfect actual things to the ideals they suggest, and thereby round out a complete conception of the universe. Rather, he must fall back upon origins and mechanical causes. His is an incomplete universe that is struggling to complete itself in time. All that is in the present, is the result of what has been in the past, and the cause of what will be in the future. We trace man back to his lowly animal origins: religion to primitive fears; morality to tribal expediency. We trace all immaterial things to their material origins: the mind to the body, whole beauty to its material parts, aesthetic experience to particular sensations; and we think by so doing we have discovered the essence of things as they are, unaware that we have gone the wrong way, unaware that reality lies forward not backward, that the real cause of the nature of things is not the origins from whence they came, but the end-ideal toward which they strive. Man's universe, quick with spirit, is a perfect whole, eternally determining the nature of its parts. Man's universe, exhausted of spirit, is a jumble of dead material parts, struggling in time by mechanical cause and effect, to determine a perfect whole.

When the last epochal spirit breathed itself out, man's perfectly unified society disintegrated into its elements of isolated individuals. Since then man has made several attempts to erect an artificial social structure for the unification of mankind, but these have merely encumbered and restricted the rebellious souls of a spiritually disunited people, by their dead weight, until now, all social institutions stand condemned as repressive forces that turn man's natural goodness to evil.

Rousseau was the first great isolated soul who

fought to free the individual from the tyranny of an artificial social structure. This move was a necessary one, but the result has been disastrous. Since his declaration of the independence of the individual, individual men, in reality only parts of the whole, mankind, have developed their peculiar natures as independent units; and have thereby isolated themselves more and more.

This is most evident in modern art. One of the essential postulates of art is communicability. Among a spiritually unified people who are one in thought, aim, and feeling, the communicability of art is universal, because such art is the most perfect expression of the single group ideal, voiced by the most representative member of the group, and felt in varying, lesser degrees by all. In our modern society of isolated individuals, however, the typical artist expresses no more than his own peculiarities in his art. Each man develops his own personality as a thing in itself. There is no common understanding underlying individual differences. Consequently, when the artist expresses himself, he finds that he has no audience. He is unintelligible to his fellow men. He blames the unintelligibility of his art on the stupidity of man, and retires from society to develop his own peculiar art for his own pleasure. Not all of our modern artists are of this kind. Though the spirit has gone out of mankind as a unit, it has remained in a favored few. We have a few rare geniuses whose expressions are those of the representative human being, and as such should be intelligible to men of all times; but even their art is unintelligible to modern man, because modern man, without spiritual direction, has strayed far from the path of normal human thought and feeling.

As I have stated above, it is only by the power and direction of spirit that a real social unity can be formed

from individual men. Modern man, in his self-deception, denies this. He denies that spirit creates anything. All things to him are man-made. So the self-sufficient modern man starts out to construct an artificial society. The means is pragmatism. The pragmatist declares that the end-ideal of all human endeavor is a perfect society on earth in which all men shall be free to develop all their natural endowments to completion, for their ultimate happiness. This ideal is an illusion of Moderns. The perfect society is not an end, but a means. Man's ideals are always outside of existence. In his efforts to attain these extra-vital ideals, man falls naturally into a perfect social harmony. The perfect society is an incidental result of man's struggle to attain an unattainable ideal. Witness the Christian world of the Middle Ages. Oneness of aim drew all the Christian peoples together into one of the most perfect societies the world has ever known. But this society was far from being the goal of their endeavors. It was merely another step in their struggle to attain eternal bliss in an ideal land far beyond the boundaries of human existence.

We, however, weak from loss of spirit, have fallen back upon the actual and the attainable. We have set up an artificial ideal, Society, and are naively confident that it will have the same magnetic power that real ideals have had to draw men onward to it, through heroic deeds and endeavors. Our perfect society will exist to exist, and function to function, we say, unaware that society exists for something higher than itself, and functions in order to attain it.

As isolated members of a disintegrated society, we are jealous of our freedom, proud of our difference, and determined to fashion our lives after our own peculiar notions. Taking this courageous stand, we condemn absolute standards, authorities, and rulers,

in art, in morals, and in government as fatal to the freedom of the individual soul, which holds first place in our scale of values. We compare our fearless, outspoken, free-thinking intellectuals to the submissive conformers of other times and realize, happily, that we have come a long way since then. We believe that each individual life is a new adventure, an experiment, an original work of art. We are wholly dependent upon our own originality in developing our peculiar character and in directing our life's course. The vast store of precepts, built up by great men who have lived before, do not in the least concern us. Our particular life is an entirely new venture, and as such demands original treatment.

Contrary to what modern man will have you believe, he has not turned from universal standards to his own impulses, voluntarily. He has been compelled to do so. Without a unifying spirit there are no universal standards, and, therefore, modern man must necessarily fall back upon his own inventiveness.

When modern man rails against absolute standards and authority, he does not mean those real standards and authorities of a spiritually unified people, but rather those artificial ones set up by man in a spiritless age. When he speaks of absolute rulers, he means dictators who compel a reluctant people to unite in thought and endeavor for a self-destructive end. He fails to realize that there have been times in the world's history when men, by the free activity of their spiritually inspired minds, have arrived at the same moral, aesthetic and political conclusions as those set forth in the absolute standards of their age and expressed by their absolute rulers. In such golden ages men are not compelled to conform to the standard of their age; their natural desires and inclinations lead them to con-

formity. They are not imprisoned by their social structure, but rather they find freedom in it, as vital parts of a whole world movement. Their absolute rulers do not impose restrictions upon their individual freedom, but rather they express, by their thoughts and action, the wishes and aim of all their people. All these social restrictions, which we cry down as destructive to individual freedom, are, to a spiritually active people, the forms which evolve from their heroic endeavors.

When the last epochal spirit breathed itself out, the perfectly integrated minds of individual men disintegrated into a variety of conflicting aims and purposes, so that today, few men live complete lives. The modern man may give himself up entirely to the appreciation and creation of beauty, or to the development of strict moral standards, or most likely, to the collecting of minute facts in some small field or other; but he rarely develops all these essential faculties together. The modern man is bewildered by the conflicting ideas and aims in his mind. His choices of ways of living are so many and so various that he is stopped at every step by indecision. He does not function as a vital unity, as a whole man, but only as one small, overdeveloped part of a whole man. Again we present a man-made remedy for a malady whose only remedy is spiritual inspiration. This time, it is psychology. As one would expect, psychology only aggravates the malady. It implies that mental abnormalities are more common than normalities. It considers healthy, harmless traits as mild irregularities, and shows their direct relationship to extreme irregularities. What mental diseases it does not find, it imagines. By this constant emphasis upon the abnormal, it has made the people of today supersensitive to slight mental quirks which they exaggerate to alarming proportions. Thus, the man-

made remedy for the restoration of man's mental health has doubly confounded the problem.

Now, I shall summarize my argument. This is essentially a spiritual universe. The spirit has access to the universe through man's mind, and comes and goes at will, at different epochs in the history of mankind. When this epochal spirit pours into the minds of men, it creates vital unities from the dead parts of the universe, and thereby presents the universe to man in its real form. When the spirit withdraws from mankind as a whole (though it usually remains in the minds of a few choice men), these vital unities disintegrate, and the universe takes on an unreal appearance. In the past, man has been wise enough to sense when he has fallen upon spiritless days, and has acted accordingly. He has realized that without spirit man is helpless to know or do. He has realized that for man to act without the impulse and direction of spirit would be futile; so he has fallen into temporary inactivity; he has stored up a few significant facts for the future, and has waited patiently for the next spiritual inspiration.

We of this modern era of spiritual inactivity, however, are not so wise as our ancestors have been. We naively accept the universe in its present state of dead disintegration as reality. We scrap all eternal truths about the spiritual nature of man and the universe as illusions of the ancients; and attempt to establish new truths, drawn in a spiritless time, for all times. We find that the three vital unities, man's mind, his society, and his universe have disintegrated. But is spiritual inspiration necessary to restore them to their real forms? "Absurd!" we say, "man-made remedies are the only remedies." By collecting all the dead material pieces of the shattered universe, and by putting them together, we hope to make the universe whole again. By pragmatism we hope to attain the perfect

society, and by psychology we hope to restore man's mind to health. We act as if we were creative, and, being without spirit, we must rely wholly on man's mechanical inventiveness.

When the spirit returns once more to the minds of men to unite them in a single heroic effort to attain an unattainable ideal, man will have just enough time to grab a few relevant facts from the vast store before he is swept away to a life of high creative activity in the future. These few facts will be sufficient for such a full life; the huge mountain of facts that he leaves behind will stand forever unused, as a silent warning to future peoples of the futility and wastefulness of concentrated fact collecting in a spiritless time.

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THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY

Some turn their eyes to the mountains;
But I turn mine to the sea.
Some see a mirage of gladness;
But there is none for me.

They are drunk with the wine of reason,
That stagnant liquor of hell
Brewed by the bright-eyed dreamers
Who wish that the world were well.

My life is a sorry flagon
Slowly drained of its pain;
So I sip with deliberate caution
And taste with no hope of gain.

Who takes shall soon be taken;
Who flees shall soon be caught.
Who shouts shall drown in silence;
Who loves shall love for naught.

Henry H. Hayden, '39

THE STORY OF THE HOURGLASS

Norman C. Miller, '40

AN excerpt from a diary best opens this story. It is from the diary—or as it was then called, journal— of Thomas Cald, Esquire, Englishman, who at the beginning of this story, or about 50 years ago, had a temporary residence at Foochow, then one of the great seaport centers in the China tea trade. He had recently been employed in the office of the purchasing agent of the East India Company. On his first day there, April 15, he writes:

"May God have preserved my wife and son as he has me on this long voyage. I arrive in good health, and find my small quarters here above the offices not too uncomfortable. As yet my exact duties are not made clear. Having little to do in the afternoon, I took a short walk in the streets of this strange city. The complete novelty of all sights and sounds and the dizzy confusion I find myself in have thus far kept me from homesickness. But the heathenish, clamoring tongues and the narrow, crowded streets soon drove me again indoors."

(There is a break in the flow of the writing that shows an elapse of time.)

"In the quiet of my room, now, I have been thinking of home seriously for the first time since my arrival. When I leave the outside hustle and bustle for a moment, the real pang of separation cuts me. I know now how hard it is to think of home and family without one's heart growing heavy. Strangely, one thought stuck in my mind. I chided James when I took parting, and told him to watch after his mother; but I was half in earnest. I wanted him to understand that I was. Can a boy of twelve read between the lines and understand? I hope that he did, because nothing could keep him more firmly attached to me than the thought that he was living up to my confidence in him.

"Meanwhile, I shall work hard to bring to an end as soon as possible my term here."

For the next several days the entries consist in the mention of details of his work, and the task of becoming accustomed to the routine of a new business life in a foreign land. He notes also many interesting observations made in the streets of the city and in one trip beyond the city to an experimental plantation. The things which he mentions as being of particular interest to him show to some extent what kind of a man he was. Of all the strange sights that he must have seen in Foochow, he was impressed most by two things: the completely new type of architecture that he found in the slope-roofed temples and massive walls and gates, and the great skill of carving displayed in the little jade or ivory trinkets that could be purchased so cheaply in the small native shops. That appreciation of fine workmanship and rare articles of ornament appears prominently in several of his entries in the journal. Although he explains little of his past life and youth in England, he writes as having evidently been fairly well educated.

He has a tendency to philosophize in his writing, and often shows a clear and deep sentiment and sensitiveness about the thoughts that are closest to him—those concerning his home and loved ones. The fine sensitiveness of his character and his concern for others that always overcomes his own brief selfish thoughts, which the sincere, ingenuous moods of his journal exhibit, are of great importance to the story.

The next important entry comes on April 28:

"This day Mr. Hafford, my employer, had me to dinner with a number of other guests, all English, and of many various occupations, most of whom were unknown to me. Most fascinating was a short, thin man of great nervous energy—his name, I believe, is Fork—engaged in the highly dangerous and speculative teakwood trade. He was one of the first white traders to make the overland journey from the Burma forests to this place. He told many exciting stories during the evening, and showed us curious articles that he has col-

lected in his travels. I saw among them two little pieces of carved jade, in the shape of the front of pagodas, made probably to be worn on a necklace. These attracted me especially, and later, as I was coming up to my room, the thought occurred to me that they might be a suitable present for Margaret (his wife)."

The entry two days later tells of again meeting this man at dinner and of furthering their acquaintance. Then, on May 6:

"Being by now well settled in these quarters, today I ventured to ask to dinner for tomorrow night Mr. Hafford, his friend Mr. Bates, who is recently arrived as myself, and Mr. Fork. Perhaps I shall find an opportunity to inquire more about those bits of jade."

"May 7: The dinner was seemingly enjoyed by my guests. We were again amused by the accounts of Mr. Fork. I do not like the man himself, however, for he has a nervousness of manner and a preoccupation in one's presence that makes him hard company to bear with; at least he is a poor listener. What it is in his past that may have driven him to this heathen land and his reckless travels is beyond human divining; and he seems reluctant to reveal any of his past. I did, though, before he left, get his promise to visit me on Thursday next to show me more of his collection . . . . The steamship 'Marabelle' sailed today. With Mr. Shrewes, the captain, I entrusted my post to home. Even in these busy days, God knows, I have had my beloved family continually in mind. I must now wait perhaps a month until the next chance to post."

"May 12: Mr. Fork did come today and with him many delightful objects of art, jewelry, and implements used in the heathen religions. I know not the purpose of them, but they are interesting all the same. After expressing my interest in them, I finally asked what I might offer him for the two pieces of jade that had first attracted me, for they still held a fascination in their simplicity and fine color that I could not resist. I found him not at all loth to part with them, but rather pleased that I should take such an interest. I purchased them for the trifling sum of twelve shillings apiece. Seeing, no doubt, the obvious delight in my eyes, he then fetched out an object from the soft leather bag that he always carries with him—an object he had not shown before. It was exquisite beyond words—a small hourglass, half the size of one's folded fist. Both bases were of some jet black stone, which had a depth and brilliance far surpassing any stone I had ever seen. The two bowls of it were not of glass but of some clearer, sparkling substance like crystal. Who could find a

mass of flawless crystal that large, and who could carve so cleanly, accurately and minutely? The hole through which the sand ran must have been extremely narrow and the sand powdered almost to nothingness for a glass of such size to run for a complete hour exactly which it did under our observation. Enraptured just by the perfection of the workmanship, I turned it over and over in my hands and let the light shine and glitter through it. Rashly, I asked whether he would sell it. I did not consider how great the price must have been, had he consented to lose it. His face clouded at once, however; his little old eyes squinted as if in pain; the pupils hardened and glinted. 'I cannot sell it,' he said quietly. I respected his feelings about the precious object, which must be just as mine would be if I owned such a treasure, so I questioned no more. He made his good night and departed soon after. I sat up late, however, dreaming of the priceless object which he had shown me. Finally I forced myself to abandon my selfish, frankly covetous thoughts; instead I began to think of home and tried to imagine what Margaret must be doing then. I had got the present for Margaret, finally, and now could not send it to her. Perhaps that was better, for neither had I yet found a gift for James. The fancy came to me of giving him that sandglass, that I treasured myself, as if it were already in my possession. Not only it isn't, but there is no chance of getting it. But fancy will not be restricted by fact. If, by some miracle—short of stealing—I should own it within two weeks or so, and if a ship should come to port so that I might post it home, the present might reach him in time for his birthday, August 20. Also I might send with it an inscription, a moral, to express at once my love for and faith in him, and a guiding piece of advice for his approaching manhood, when he will truly be able to care for his mother, if God should then still keep us apart. My head is overflowing with these thoughts; I have written too much; I do not feel tired, but I know I must be. I shall try to prevent these fancies from keeping me awake longer. It is nearly morning. Some wise man has said that sleep brings all good things to pass."

Shortly afterwards, at once and all at once, two fortunate events occurred. The next excerpt is written rather hurriedly, and betrays the state of excitement that he was in. The memory of the discovery of the hourglass, as he says, beautiful beyond words, was continually in his mind. In such an isolated society, one can easily understand, a single strong idea might

well wear a groove in a sensitive mind. The arrival of a ship in port so soon after one had left would have been an exciting event in itself; it was particularly so now because it seemed so well timed in answer to his prayer. May 13:

"To our wonder there arrived today a ship in port; like the 'Marabelle,' a steamer. It is indeed strange that this event should coincide so closely with my thoughts of last night. Now may the rest of my wish come true! This one I hear is a collier from San Francisco. It promises to leave for England within two days. To make the most of the opportunity, I have written a letter to accompany the present to Margaret, and the latter I have wrapped well and carefully against the casualties of the long passage."

On the next day came the second great, even bewildering, stroke of fortune. May 14:

"This morning I have received a note that has very greatly startled me, and made the carrying out of my scheme concerning the hourglass completely unnecessary (he has nowhere mentioned this scheme), and almost too easily so. Good fortune falling so sudden and in such quick succession takes away all the joy of anticipation. Yet I still rejoice in my luck—or is it God's favor? The note is here appended; it will explain my exuberance.

'Thomas Cald, Esq.:

Through circumstances which I may not explain to you, I am forced to leave Foochow immediately to travel inland. My collection of native jewelry and other rare objects I have had to dispose of, except for one piece—the hourglass. This one piece you have probably guessed I value very highly. So highly that I cannot bring myself to sell it. You have shown so much interest in these rare and interesting objects and especially the glass that I feel no anxiety in entrusting it to your care. But more than that, I present it to you as a gift. The circumstances that force my departure also indicate that I must leave this place permanently, and of course cannot take such a treasure on my journey. The danger of my mission is such that I may not live even to reach my destination. Trusting that you will accept the gift in good faith, I am

ARNOLD FORK.'

"Which at best leaves me bewildered, for why should he favor me, little more than an acquaintance? Has he no closer friend, no fam-

ily? If not, why could he not merely entrust it to me until I should be able to mail it home for him? But these are not the first questions about this strange character that I have been unable to answer.

"The hourglass, protected by wrapping of chamois, was in a small box that the messenger brought with the note. Thus I say that good fortune has come to me. I do feel a slight compunction in taking such a valuable gift because of having misjudged so completely the character of Mr. Fork.

"I shall send it with my other present by the steamship, whenever it will leave for England. The route it is going to take is not very direct, it is true, because of several stops in the Indies, and the ship itself is a slow one; but it will get my mail to England in sufficiently short a time."

The entry of three days later verifies the sending of the valuable packages. He tells also of what he had written to his son concerning the hourglass.

"To James I addressed the following bit of advice: 'I send you this hourglass, not with the intention of reminding you of the many hours before I may rejoin you and your mother, though I hope you do think somewhat of me, but rather the great responsibility that you have in making the best of those hours to grow up virtuous, wise and strong, to manhood. As you watch the sand running slowly out, may you appreciate the value of time and the sense of seriousness which one should have in the spending of it.'

"My sentiment is stronger than I have expressed, but again I hope that he can read between the lines."

The next two weeks were apparently taken up largely by business matters and the small bit of social life that the English transplant even to the ends of the earth, wherever there are two or more of them. There is occasional brief mention of home, to show that it is continually in his thought, and some mention of his experiences in this strange land. Nothing important however, happens until May 27. The entry is written very jerkily, and in many places is broken off as though the author had there held his pen while he permitted his mind to wander.

"May God protect me and my family from evil. Today I have received a further note from Fork, the content of which I do not know

whether to laugh at, wonder at, or—which my sane judgment denies —become very frightened at. Is Fork mad, or am I being tricked— to what purpose? . . . . Or is it possible that in this world, even in this heathen land, there is such a reality as a curse?"

(The letter is pasted to the opposite page in the journal. It was written obviously in great agitation, and hurriedly, being in many places spotted with blurs of ink.)

" 'Thomas Cald:

'You are in great danger. The hourglass which you possess was cursed centuries ago by a Buddha of India. The curse is this: the person who holds the glass, who has accepted it (it must be taken as a gift), will die within a year afterwards, unless he in turn gives it to another person. The curse will last until the glass comes into the hands of a man strong-willed enough to sacrifice his life to save another life. I thought I was strong, and I tried to be, but I found I am a coward. You are strong, strong enough, I hope, to forgive me for my weakness, as God will not.

'You are alone in the Orient: you have no wife or child to grieve for you; your sacrifice is small. If you can forsake this life willingly for the next, and to save others from their weaknesses, I earnestly pray that you may receive your reward in Heaven.

'You must see from the deadly earnestness of my writing that I have good reason for my fear of the curse. I have seen more than you; it is not superstition or the madness of an overworked mind. You will yourself in a few days become convinced, as I did.'

"That is all. He assumed from appearances, I suppose, that I had no family. There is excuse for his assumption; for a young man such as I, coming to a distant colony to take up a position new to him, and on such a small salary, could not be supposed to have left a wife and child at home. I had not told him otherwise, but his reasoning that way about the amount of my sacrifice is disconcerting, for it is not the evidence of a crazed mind to consider so clearly. I cannot deny the sincerity of the letter; it speaks eloquently of the emotional strain he was undergoing. In spite of his warning, I can only regard the story as a fantastic superstition that had worked too long on his mind, and made him believe in it. Now the hourglass is on the seas far from here; and I shall put the matter out of mind."

He could not put the matter out of mind.

"May 28: I have been unsuccessful in trying to forget the curse. I do not believe in it, yet several times today I was reminded of it. I must be still under the influence of the passion with which Fork wrote his letter. Reason cannot subdue the fire of emotion. Indeed I pity the man for the anxiety in which he must be living—if he still lives."

"May 29: I am afraid that Fork's prediction may come true. I am bothered more than ever by the legend of the hourglass. At least ten times today I found my mind wandering from the columns of figures, and in my new position I cannot afford to day-dream. Perhaps now, though, I have discovered the cause of my restlessness. With the glass safely on board ship and out of my sight, I surely could have put the matter out of my thought, were I the only person concerned. However, it flashed upon me today that in sending the wretched object from my sight, I am bestowing it upon my son, who cannot but accept it as a gift. Where I might without consideration take the risk of a curse upon myself, I feel uneasy in wishing it upon another, and in particular upon my own son—small risks seem very large when the stakes are high. Certainly I value his life ten thousand times my own. I am resolved to investigate the legend, to learn what I may that will help me to regain peace of mind."

"May 30: The decision which I made last night is not easy to carry out. I found that I was afraid to ask advice of Mr. Hafford for fear of seeming foolish. Indeed, in my calmer moments, I seem foolish to myself for becoming so upset by what one would normally call a mere superstition. However, it is not just a doubt that disturbs me: it is an intuition, a supernatural sensation, that comes upon me suddenly and drives reason from my mind, leaving nothing but blank fear. It clutches at my heart and stifles my breath; for minutes I sit stiffly, unable to think at all. I cannot fight this feeling with reason. I believe I am in good health, for in my normal moments I feel very well. If I had been under a great mental strain since my arrival, I might think I was going insane. I am afraid to admit to myself that if there is no improvement, if my fear continues to grow as it has grown, within the week I must collapse completely or succumb to belief in the curse. I see now that I will never bring myself to ask advice; I will fight out the battle in my own mind.

"Where is my religion? It denies the power of curses. How can I blaspheme God's word by believing in one? I pray that He will keep me strong. If I do come to believe in the story of the curse, it will not be from my own desire; it will have been forced upon me."

"June 1: Now I think I am going insane. I believe my God. I think I feel Him helping me; but I can not escape my fear. The strength to resist has deserted me, and it is useless now to try to sleep. I am crazed with fear."

"June 2: I have given in. Now that I have taken a resolve, I have regained some confidence in myself, some measure of ease. I shall now be able to act. I am determined to defeat the curse; to get the hourglass again into my hands. I must leave immediately for England, while I can, by one of the tea-ships."

"June 3: Before dawn this morning I boarded the sailing ship 'Evening Star' with my small baggage. Of course the captain had no instructions from the office, and might have been very suspicious of my sudden and secret departure. However, he was much too busy tending to more important matters, as I had come on board. The mate gruffly directed me to a small cabin opposite his own, and hinted that it might be best if I stayed there until the ship started to sail. We slid down the river on the same tide with four other clippers—all in the China Race.

"I am greatly relieved, now that I have taken a resolve. Being able to act and think again normally have made me forget my fear. Now I have only the one purpose to concentrate upon—the search for the hourglass. Strangely, I have no feeling of guilt in having given in so weakly."

"June 4: I have made a rough calculation and found that the steamship 'California,' by which I sent the hourglass, will arrive in England—I do not know at what port—probably a week later than our ship, or about the second week of September. Our ship, which is much faster and is taking a more direct route, can now be no more than a week behind, and is gaining swiftly. However, I can not hope that we will meet the 'California' on the seas nor, I am sure, could I persuade the captain to stop to put me aboard if we should by accident sight her."

For several weeks his anxiety seems to have been put well out of mind. He is completely released from his worry. The activity on board the ship, the variety of little things that interested him, such as the history of the previous year's races, the careers of the ships they were competing against, and stories about the captains and their skill kept his mind well occupied with other thoughts. It was his first—and very fortunate opportunity—to be aboard one of the racing ships; he

admired the skill of the captain in anticipating every slight shift or change in strength of the wind and in adjusting the course or turning the sails to make the most of it.

So the ship fled before the wind and kept ahead of schedule. Occasionally they sighted one of the other ships but always lost it again over-night. They believed that they were in front. Up the west coast of the African continent the ship passed. Then, suddenly it seemed, the ship struck the torrid zone, where it was becalmed for two weeks.

"July 25: Until we struck this calm, we had gone so fast and so steadily that I had believed God to have been aiding me in my enterprise. Why should I thus have regained my trust in God? It occurred to me, that in my struggle, perhaps I was being tested by God. In no other way can I reconcile the sense that He is now with me, helping me. But what have I done to be again deserving of His help, after I had thought to have failed? Now does He mean to test me a second time by thus taking away the wind from the ship? deserting me when I am nearly in sight of my goal?"

"July 29: I am now exceedingly anxious, for we have been becalmed for a week, and I fear the steamship must be fast catching up. A new fear has come to me now; the ship which I must beat to England may pass us now and get far beyond hope of our overtaking it. And I am forced to remain idle with my thoughts. Nor have I much agreeable company, for the captain and all the crew are very irritable. I dare not speak of my own impatience."

"August 1: Hope is fast leaving me. I have spent much time brooding, and I am struck with terror to think what will happen if my gift should reach James before I can prevent it. Once it is in his hands, I see only one inevitable result. It is enough that one person, Fork, or perhaps more that I do not know, should live weighed down with the guilt of having in his weakness transmitted the curse to another man. Can I hope to conceal the knowledge of the curse from my son? No, he would discover it, and be made to believe it, even as I was convinced. Could I counsel him to bring the curse upon another person? If I could—for I hope my son is not a coward—I would not; for what would I appear in his eyes, to give such counsel? Or how could I, in my own conscience, so degrade him? Moreover, he is too young for such a responsibility. Nor could I let him die. I must for my life get the hourglass."

He omits several entries here, being undoubtedly in too morbid a state of mind to write coherently.

"Aug. 4: Today the wind came again. I am almost mad with anxiety, for certainly now the hourglass is far beyond my reach. The one slight hope that there still is a chance, keeps me sane—nothing else matters. Already God has tried me harder than in my first test, yet I keep faith."

The wind drove the ship on now as before. The diary no longer mentions the race between the clippers; there is only interest in the one idea of reaching home as soon as possible.

From the time of this last date, the entries in the journal become careless and almost illegible. Written fiercely, shakily, and sometimes stiffly, as if by great effort, they speak plainly, nevertheless, of what went on in the writer's mind. Fragments of lines show how the tortured brain burned with one obsession, how it began to play tricks of hallucination and illusion—or was it more than that—which were the source of greater torment? Time and space dissolved into confusion for him, and the object for which he had raced half around the world seemed now so free of real space and time that it floated before his sleepless eyes as an object of fancy alone, a tantalizing one, ever receding from his grasp. Into such a state had overbearing nervous fatigue put him, where nothing is real but impression, and all impression is a mere figment of mind. He was kept from complete insanity only by the fierce determination to live out the now hopeless fight against time.

The "California" had gone not to any port in England, but to Glasgow, Scotland, and docked there on the twelfth of September, while the "Morning Star" was still racing for the Channel. The mail that was on the ship presumably was taken first to Edinburgh, and from there to London by train, and from

London to Cald's home in Kent by carriage and horseback postman.

On September fourteenth, the postman's horse jogged along a dusty Kentish road. Where the road dipped to a small stream which they must ford, the horse picked his way slowly and carefully down the rock-strewn slope. There were two saddlebags; one held letters; the other held small packages that did not need to be sent by carriage. They flapped carelessly on the flanks of the horse.

At the bottom, the horse walked into the stream, and, stopping, lowered his head to drink. The rider sat patiently until the horse gave a snort of satisfaction. Then he slapped the horse smartly on the flank, and, after splashing through the water, they rose up the short, steep bank on the other side. The bags flapped again, and a package in the crowded parcel holder tumbled from the leather cover and fell by the side of the road. Amid clouds of dust and the commotion of clattering hooves, it fell unnoticed. The postman regained the level road and rode on cheerfully.

At about six o'clock that evening, when dusk was beginning to cool the air, a ragged wanderer of the Kentish countryside sauntered his way to the stream to wash his face and hands. As he clambered down the slope to the water, he caught sight of the fallen package and suddenly stopped. After a quick glance about him, he picked it up. He looked at the writing on the outside of the package and then, unheeding, ripped it open. For a moment he stood fascinated by the object he held—a jade and crystal hourglass—and then he hastily wrapped it again in the soft leather which had covered it. Neglecting in his anxiety—or good fortune—the reason he had come to the stream, he stole another quick look about him, and hurried away into the half-darkness with his valuable find.

Later that evening, as the "Morning Star" slipped into the English Channel, the captain was writing in the ship's log these words:

"September 14 . . . . This evening at six o'clock, a passenger, Mr. Thomas Cald, of Kent, passed away at sea. He had appeared under great mental strain for several days. The cause of death is not certain. His papers and personal property will be delivered to his family upon arrival. Fair wind southwest; making ten knots. Should make a landfall by morning."

CAELIA

(A free translation of a poem by Thomas Carew)

Qui genis gaudet roseis amator
aut labris ardet teneris ineptus
intus ignis illi alitur perire
tempore edaci

certus; at flammas animus benignus,
casta honestas et veneres modestae,
aequo amore pectora juncta jugis
tempus in omne

excitabunt; despiciam carentem
his decorem; Caelia, lacrimae non
vestrae inanes ut redeam deinde
conciliant me;

tene perspectam sine fastu acerbo
aut superbia esse alicui videri?
nunc tuas novi insidias; et usque
despicieris.

Joseph A. Clapis, '41